



The Fireplace and Magnifying Glass



👁 46 ✓ 28 ★ 24

Chapter 1 by Adam Muller

Margot awoke from a bad dream. She had fallen asleep on the couch again. She glanced at the clock. It was 2:22am. She thought it was weird. Earlier that day she had cut herself on a broken water glass while doing the dishes. She remembered glancing at the clock then and it was 2:22pm.

Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



Margot raised her self into a sitting position & rubbed the back of her aching neck, and took in her familiar surroundings as the drowsiness receded. She did not remember laying down on the couch, but could remember quite clearly the accident with the water glass. Margot checked the injury the broken glass had made to her right hand, but she could not find anything. She examined her right hand again & after that her left hand, but to her puzzlement there were no traces of injury.

Margot got up & made her way to the kitchen too check the bin for broken glass, and to her satisfaction the shards & splinters of broken glass were there, but why was there no visible marking on her hand? Margot made her way from the kitchen back too the sitting-room, and took the magnifying glass from the mantelpiece, and checked her right hand again.....

Chapter 3 by Twin Gods



Margot walked to her mahogany dresser and turned on the lamp. She thoroughly examined where she injured herself and could find no traces of her injury. The uneasiness was settling in

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

knocks at the front door, at apparently 2:22 AM. Margot was not ready for one of her frequent night guests.

Chapter 4 by Luke Meyers



Margot tucked her pale feet into her slippers and shuffled toward the door. Pushing aside the old-fashioned peephole flap, she squinted and peered out into the night. Seeing nothing, she pulled back the curtain of the porch window and peered outside, but there was nobody there.

"Margot Spillman, you are not having another one of these nights!" she scolded herself, wrenching her hands together and scratching at her forehead. It had been too hard to keep track of things, lately. What had happened each day. What she had dreamed, and what was real. Everything in her life had become so hazy, blending into everything else. When had this even started? Was this the whole of her existence? She could not say.

Tea. Always, she adored its simple comfort. She curled back into the tweedy armchair and ensconced herself around the oversized mug, hovering her face in the warm vapors. Her gaze fell back to the fireplace, turning her thoughts to the secrets she held, for which it was her only confidant.

Hundreds of pages she had written and cast into the flames. Every truth, every lie she knew. She tortured more words from her pen each day, and each night consigned them to ashes. She had stopped asking herself why.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



Outside the old Victorian home where Margot Spillman lived, two men huddled beneath the gloom of a large oak tree, peering intently at the front porch through the night's drizzle. One of the men held something long and heavy against his belly, beneath his trenchcoat.

"Go again, I say," said the other. "You must face her. It is the only way to cure Sally."

"If the stories are true," said the one, touching the object beneath his coat. "This will mean little

to protect me. They say she's immortal. Lived for thousands of years, maybe more. That her wounds heal instantly. Like water.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Tush, man. Do you not know? She's not immortal. She's just a girl. A girl who can heal? They say she'll ask a trade of you. Something of great value. But in return you will receive the cure to Sally's

ailment. You must go."

The man looked once more to the house and set his resolve. He opened his coat and handed over the short-barrelled rifle he had been concealing to his companion. Then, without another word, he trudged toward the front steps of the house once again and knocked firmly on the door.

From within, Margot stirred from her tweedy armchair. She set her tea on the sidetable and made her way to the peephole once again. This time, a man's face filled the space of her vision, and without hesitation, she opened the door to him and welcomed him in.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



"I see..." said Margot. She was sitting across from the man. He was still quite soaked from the rain, but a steaming cup of tea in his hands had warmed him some. "You say I can help you save your wife. But how exactly do you think Margo Spillman can do this?"

"They say... they say your blood can heal."

"Can heal?"

"Can even bring the newly dead back to life again."

"Who told you this?"

"Ma'am. It's known throughout the region."

"Then why are you the first to inform me of my being... a vampire, is it?"

"Vampire. Night stalker. Undead. There are many names given. I don't mean to be rude or indelicate, ma'am. Those all sound a bit rough to me, especially after seeing you face to face."

"And how do I appear to you now... face to face?"

"Well, You're... you're beautiful, ma'am."

See more of Story Wars

Margo smiled and leaned

Login

or

Create new account

"And how old do they say Margo Spillman is?"

The man cleared his throat. "Two hundred. Five hundred. Five thousand. No one really knows how old you are. But they say you've lived here for at least a hundred years."

"Why is it that I wouldn't know this fact myself, young man?"

"The story is... the story goes that you had an accident, ma'am. Thrown from a horse. They say your memory's gone. They say every time a person frequents you as I am now, they have this very same conversation with you. You never remember the next day. They say you can't remember anything long term. That's what they say."

Margot's smile had vanished. "Undead perhaps is the right term to use for me, then. Condemned to this undying state of perpetual now. Oh, goodness me, Margo Spillman." She looked at the crackling fire and thought of her many drafts. Her attempts to remember at least one day at a time, written down for her to reflect upon at the end of the day... stories only to be destroyed once again as her memory was time and time again. "I can't imagine what pleasures I might still enjoy in this wretched state. My tea, perhaps." There was a sorrow in her voice now.

"Ma'am."

She turned her attention back to the man across from her.

"If you could help my wife, I would surely be grateful. I don't know what it's worth to you, but I'll do anything I can to save her life."

Margot pressed the cup of tea to her forehead and was silent for a moment.

"Do you really think I am beautiful, young man?" she said.

"...Yes, ma'am. I do."

She set the cup down now.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Stop calling me ma'am, and I will stop calling you young man," she said, her smile returning. "My name is Margot. Of course you must know, because I must repeat my name to myself again and again so that I don't forget. All of your story is true, I know. My blood does indeed heal." She rubbed the place on her right hand where she remembered cutting herself. "And I will help you save your wife. Don't think me so crass when I ask of you what I will." She reached across and took his hand. "Stay with me tonight."

Luther's mind and heart raced. Margot Spillman leaned forward in her chair, and with her mouth found the soft place at his neck where a warm vein rose.

Chapter 7 by Tork (construction noise) Lewith



fegjyhwegryewl

Chapter 8 by intellikat



Luther awoke, tearing his way through the haze of sleep as if a man from a mine. His voice was slurred and his vision weak. The room was empty. A clock ticked stolidly on the wall.

Luther lifted himself to his elbows and rubbed the back of his aching neck. His body was beneath a thick blanket on Margot Spillman's oversized bed. The bedsheets were twisted and crumpled about. His trousers lay across the room near a wooden chair.

Luther stumbled to them and pulled them on. His head was swimming as his drowsiness slowly receded.

"Hello?" He made his way along the upper hallway. "Margot?"

The house was empty.

He made his way below, and to the kitchen. A kettle was on the stove top, whistling away. Beside

it sat a grey ceramic mug with a single leaf and a drop of oil on the lip. Luther took the kettle and poured. Early Grey. He replaced the kettle on the stove and took the mug. From somewhere else in the house, he heard the sound of a door opening.

"Hello?"

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Luther moved from the kitchen to the living room. A fire was set into the hearth, and there, before the mantelpiece, stood Margot Spillman.

"Ma'am?"

The woman turned.

"Luther. How do you feel?"

"A bit. Shameful, ma'am. To tell the truth."

"Your wife will recover." Margot held a small ceramic vial out to him, and he took it. "I'm afraid, however, that you will not."

"Ma'am?"

"Once a month. At this very same time, you will feel an irresistible urge for Margot Spillman. And you will come. You may try to fight it. But if you do, you will fall into a fever. The only way to recover is to come to me again. You are now one of my "guests", Luther. I may not remember you when you return. But treat me as you have. Do you understand?"

Luther nodded.

"Am I... immortal?"

"No. Nor is your wife. Death can only be delayed for you, not cancelled. When your wife gives birth to her first child, you must bring it here to me as well. Do not ask Margot Spillman why. Simply obey. Do you understand? If you do not, the child will fall into sickness as well. Now go, and see that your wife recovers."

Luther turned to the front door, but paused.

"Who are you?"

She hesitated.

See more of Story Wars

"I am Margot Spillman."

Login

or

Create new account

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account